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PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
Office in the Railroad Depot,
IRONTON, OHIO.

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RICHARD O. EVANS,
Corner of Third & Lawrence Streets,
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Thankful for past favors, would inform his customers, and the public, that he is still engaged in the manufacture of **BOOTS AND SHOES** at his old stand. He has now in his employ, and engaged, several most excellent workmen, and is confident that he can furnish his customers with as workmanlike and durable boots and shoes, as can be purchased elsewhere. Particular attention will be given to **FINE BOOTS.**

Repairing done neatly, at short notice.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
IRONTON, OHIO.

Will attend to any business in their profession confided to them in Lawrence, Scioto, Gallia and Jackson counties, Ohio. Also, in the neighboring counties of Greenup, Ky., and Wayne and Cabell, Va. Office in Court House.

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Manufacturers & Wholesale Dealers in Paper. CARDS, CARD BOARDS, PRINTING INKS, BOOK BINDERS STOCK, &c. AND PAPER MANUFACTURES MATERIALS. New Store, No. 34 Pearl Street. North Side, between Main and Walnut, near Walnut CHICAGO, ILL.

N. B. Cash paid for good County Rates.

DR. HOLLINGSWORTH

Has removed his office into the East End of the Union Block over Silverman's Store N. B. When out please inquire of Dr. Sloan next door. Jan 1st. 1853.

DRS. MOXLEY & EGERTON,
Physicians & Surgeons,
IRONTON, OHIO.
Office over MOXLEY & BARBERS Drug Store

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WATCH & CLOCK MAKER.
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Respectfully announces to the citizens of Ironton and surrounding country, that he has on hand a large assortment of **Jewelry, Cutlery, Clocks, Watches, Accordeons, &c.** which he will sell at low prices. Also, repairs Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Music Boxes.

S. H. PARVIN,
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Agent for the sale of Printing Ink, Press, Type, Stationery &c. Also, Agent for a Pocket Book Manufacturing, and Perfumery Establishment.

HENRY S. NEAL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
IRONTON, OHIO.

Will attend to any business in his profession in Lawrence and the adjoining counties of Ohio and Kentucky, entrusted to his care.

REFER TO
Hon. S. F. Vinton, Washington, D. C.
Hon. Simeon Nash, Gallipolis Ohio.
Office in Bank Building, Second St. Jan 1, 53

JOSEPH P. SHAW,
Wholesale Druggist and Apothecary.
NEAR THE VERNON HOUSE,
IRONTON, OHIO.

Respectfully calls the attention of the public, to his stock of **Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, Perfumery and Fancy Articles; ALL** of which he warrants of the best quality, and at as low prices as they can be procured anywhere in this section of the country. Country Merchants, Physicians, and others, will find it to their advantage to call. ALL kinds of PATENT MEDICINES kept constantly on hand.

CHILD AND BOYD,
EXCHANGE BROKERS,
Corner of 2nd and Buckhorn Streets,
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S. F. CALVIN. FLETCHER GOLDEN

CALVIN AND GOLDEN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
Ironton, Ohio.

HAVING associated themselves together for the purpose of practicing their profession, will attend strictly and promptly to all business entrusted to their management and care. Office 3 doors below the bank, up stairs.

J. W. DAVIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Grimes' building opposite Market house
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

Will attend to any business in Scioto and adjoining counties. Will also practice in the Greenup County.

THE MISER.

BY CAPTAIN GEORGE W. CUTTER.

An old man sat by a fireless hearth,
Though the night was dark and chill,
And mournfully over the frozen earth,
The wind sobbed loud and shrill.
His locks were gray, and his eyes were gray,
And dim, but not with tears;
And his skeleton form had wasted away
With penury, more than years.

A rush-light was casting its fitful glare
O'er the damp and dingy walls,
Where the lizard bath made his slimy lair,
And the venomous spider crawled;
But the meanest thing in this lonesome room
Was the miser all worn and bare,
Where he sat like a ghost in an empty tomb,
On his broken and only chair.

He had bolted the window, and barred the door,
And every nook he had scanned;
And felt the fastening o'er and o'er,
With his cold and skinny hand;
And yet he sat gazing intently round,
And trembled with silent fear,
And shuddered and shuddered at every sound
That fell on his coward ear.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the miser; "I'm safe at last
From this night so cold and drear,
From the drenching rain and driving blast,
With my gold and treasure here,
I am cold and wet with the icy rain,
And my health is bad, 'tis true;
Yet if I should light that fire again
It would cost me a cent or two.

But I'll take a sip of the precious wine.
It will banish my cold and fears;
It was given long since, by a friend of mine—
I have kept it for many years."
So he drew a flask from a moldy nook,
And drank of its ruby tide;
And his eyes grew bright, and draught he took;
And his bosom swelled with pride.

"Let me see; let me see!" said the miser then,
"Tis some sixty years or more
Since the happy hour when I began
To heap up the glittering store;
And well have I sped with my anxious toil.
As my crowded chest will show;
I've more than would ransom a kingdom's spoil,
Or an emperor could bestow.

From the Orient rehn I have rubies bright,
And gold from the famed Peru;
I've diamonds would shame the stars of night,
And pearls like the morning dew;
And more I'll have, ere the morrow's sun
His rays from the west shall fling;
That widow, to free her prison'd son,
Shall bring me her bridal ring!"

He turned to an old worn-out chest,
And cautiously raised the lid,
And then it shone like the clouds of the west,
With the sun in their splendor hid;
And gem after gem, in precious store,
Are raised with exulting smile;
And he counted and counted them o'er and o'er,
In many a glittering pile.

Why comes the flush to his pallid brow,
While his eyes like his diamonds shine?
Why writhes he thus in such torture now?
What was there in the wine?
His lonely seat he strove to regain;
To crawl to his nest he tried;
But finding his efforts were all in vain,
He clasped his gold, and—died.

An Incident in the War of 1812.

At the battle of Plattsburg, in 1812, during the din and uproar of the heavy cannonade on lake and land, there appeared before the commanding officer an unknown Indian, clad in their wild habit, covered with war paint and armed to the teeth, who gave information of the approach through the woods, on the south bank of the Saranac, of a considerable body of British, accompanied by a small band of Hurons or Canadian Indians, who acted as guides and scouts. It is well known that one column of the British army, under command of General Brisbane, had approached Plattsburg from west along the Deekman-town road to the north of the Saranac. The American army was now intrenched on the south bank, in the angle formed by the river and lake. It will, therefore, be readily understood that the approach of this new force would place the Americans in a position sufficiently critical, to say nothing of the dangers to which they were already exposed.

The information brought by the savage was too important to be wholly slighted, and was to two suspicious a manner to be wholly trusted. The officer, therefore, thought it best to interrogate the messenger.

"Who are you, my friend?" said he.

"Mohican," was the laconic reply.

"What is your name?"

"Stockbridge Hank," answered the stranger.

"Where did you come from, and why are you here?" pursued the officer.

"Indian came from the Dutch rivers," replied he.

"But why are you here, I say?"

"Why are the Mingoes in the woods; can the captain tell me that?" replied the savage, his eyes flashing fire.

"Does any body know this person?" asked the officer, turning to the bystanders; but no one replied, for no one knew him.

"What do you want me to do then?" said the officer to the Indian, still suspicious.

"Take four, seven, ten soldier," replied the savage, holding up both hands and spreading his fingers. "Mo take 'em and wait for Mingoes in the woods."
"He's right, by Jove!" exclaimed the officer. "The men are too few to have an ambush laid for them, and we need a piquet of that kind. The red-skin must be friendly after all. Let nine picked men, headed by a corporal, go with him; but let them be watchful and keep on their guard, and let me be informed of the first approach of any enemy in that direction."

"The officer turned away. The men were quickly detailed, and guided by the Indian, they took their silent way in the woods, up the south bank of the Saranac, down which the new hostile force was reported to be coming. They moved forward rapidly for about half an hour, when the Indian began to proceed with more caution, and to listen for every unusual sound that disturbed the forest. At last, putting his ear close to the ground, he listened for a moment, and then quickly raising up, he made a rapid sign to the soldiers to betake themselves to a neighboring thicket, which bordered a small creek flowing into the river. The men concealed themselves among the bushes as quick as possible, while the Indian crawled stealthily to a position somewhat more advanced, concealing himself behind the trunk of a fallen tree. He then enjoined upon them not to fire or make any noise until they should receive from him a certain signal. For some distance forward of the place where he lay, the woods were tolerably clear of underbrush, and a kind of path which skirted the bank of the river crossed the creek near its mouth, about ten rods from where the soldiers were concealed. From the position the Indian occupied, this path was in full view. In order to cross the stream any one going along that path had to descend about ten feet, almost perpendicularly, so that while he was in the bed of the brook, he could not be seen by those who should happen to be any distance behind.

The soldiers had not remained in ambush long, when by a quick sign the scout gave them to understand that some one was approaching. They soon saw an Indian coming at a rapid but silent pace along toward the crossing. He had but just got clearly in view, when at a distance of about two rods behind appeared another, and so on to the number of seven. They were all in war paint, armed with rifles and tomahawks. The soldiers were all attention to the movements of their guide, expecting every moment to receive the signal to fire. To their surprise, however, they saw him lay down his gun, and draw from beneath the log a long and powerful bow, and a body of flint-headed, sharp-pointed arrows. He then turned himself about under the log until he faced the pass in the creek.

The strange Indians appeared to move forward without the least hesitation or suspicion. The foremost of them on coming to the creek, dropped at once down to cross it. At this moment the guide was observed to draw in his bow with a quick and powerful effort; and so rapidly as almost to elude the sight, an arrow was sped on its mission of death. The stranger was seen to drop in the middle of the brook, and not a cry issued from his mouth. Quick as lightning the Mohican adjusted an arrow in his bow, so that as soon as the second Huron had dropped down to cross the stream, he too was observed to reel and fall without a groan.

In the same manner was the third and the fourth, and the fifth Huron pierced as he leaped into the fatal ditch. They were so close to each other, and the whole scene passed with such miraculous silence and rapidity, that neither of them had observed the fate of his comrades until he met his own. The sixth Indian, however, being a little more behind than the others, seemed to become what surprised that he did not see them in view on the opposite bank. For this reason he descended into the gully with a little hesitation. He was immediately aware of the horrible fate that had arrested their steps and silenced their tongues. He endeavored to recoil, but it was already too late. A fatal missile was also on the wing for him—he was struck with the rest, but not with immediate death, and he had time to raise into the depths of the forest one of those appalling yells of warning and of rage which announces among the people of his race the presence of mortal danger.

The soldiers looked upon this fearful scene in astonished silence, entranced by the murderous magic which took place before them. When the stillness and the spell were broken by that warning cry, they expected to see the wood swarming with hostile savages. None, however, appeared; and when the echo had died away, they looked in vain for the seventh and last of the Hurons. He had vanished as if swallowed up in the earth. No trace of him was visible—no sound of retreating footsteps were audible. The Mohican, however, still kept his position behind the log itself, but with his fiery eyes bent in quick and searching glances in almost every direction at once. He was obviously at fault as well as the rest. No one dared to move or even to speak above his breath. There was something awful in the mysterious and sudden disappearance.

The silence continued for some ten minutes, when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the Mohican sprang to his feet with the blood streaming down one side of his face. His only exclamation was an emphatic "ugh!" In an instant the fatal bow and arrow were again in requisition, and his face toward the Indian, he sent another arrow on its mortal mission. The soldiers heard a slight scrambling overhead, and on looking up they saw the Huron falling through the limbs of a neighboring tree. Into this he had had the address to swing himself up, unseen by his enemies, during the momentary confusion occasioned by the warning cry of his companion. From that perch he had soon discovered the lurking place of the Mohican, and, bent upon vengeance, had immediately fired at him, without considering, and perhaps without caring, whether or not enemies were near. The imprudence cost him his life; and, withal, he had only succeeded in inflicting upon the Mohican a slight wound in the temple.

The scene, however, now rapidly changed. Shortly after the report of the rifle, the distant heavy tramp of a body of regular troops was heard approaching through the woods. They too, plunged into the fatal pass, and met with a like but not equally bloodless reception, by the soldiers in ambush. This time it was the rifle that did the business. The advancing column, however, was composed of veterans who for a few moments seemed to push forward into the abyss where their comrades and guide were lying wounded and dead; but as they were ignorant of the strength of the concealed enemy, and could hardly even tell from what direction the danger came, they finally beat a retreat and drew off into the woods again.

The check was all that could have been desired. That force was not engaged during the battle of Plattsburg; and after learning the disastrous fate of the day, it made a precipitate retreat northward into Canada. It was noticed that as soon as the seven Hurons were slain, Stockbridge Hank seemed to take no further interest in the fray. Shortly after the firing commenced, he disappeared, and did not accompany the soldiers back to the army. The next day, however, he appeared again before the officer, accounted as at the time of his arrival into camp, but with the addition of seven bloody scalps attached to his belt, and with the war-paint washed from his face. His mission seemed to be accomplished.

He was thanked for his services, and received promises of a liberal reward. To all that was said, he remained a silent listener, and only pointed to the glorious trophies which he wore, seeming to signify that they were sufficient compensation. In truth, the Hurons were hereditary foes, and he had been fighting instinctively for the tradition of his fathers.

After this second visit he was never again seen in the army. The story of this exploit was long the talk and wonder of the army.

TURKEY AND AUSTRIA.

Upon this subject we find the following in Saturday's New York daily Times. It contains some statements we have not met with elsewhere:

Count Lanningen—a brother of the distinguished officer of that name in the Hungarian service, who was hung for his fidelity to the Revolutionary cause, was recently sent by Austria to Constantinople with several demands, the denial of which the Austrian Court instructed him to say would be considered a *casus belli*, and be treated as such forthwith. These demands were: 1st, The cession to Austria of Kleck and Lutaria, two little strips of territory which lie between portions of Austrian inland and her coast. 2d, The grant of certain coal mines in Bosnia, which are wanted simply to furnish a pretext to enable the proposed grantee to get a larger force upon the soil of Bosnia, to be ready for service on occasion. 3d, The privilege of extending Austrian protection to all the Catholic Christians in European Turkey. 4th, The recognition of the independence of Montenegro. These are the conditions which Austria has distinctly stated as the price of peace.

The Turks answered to the first two demands, that they will never cede their territory, and they do not see why any government should claim the working of mines in their country. If a private company chooses to apply for a charter to work them, the Turks declare their readiness to consider it upon its merits, no matter whether the company be composed of one nation or another, but to give such license to a foreign government, they most positively refuse. 3d, The Turks say they do not see how Austria can extend any protection to Catholic Christians in Turkey, as they have already the most perfect religious freedom, being restricted in one point only—they are not allowed the use of bells, which are an abomination to the Turks. 4th, The answer is, that there is not a single Turk in Montenegro. The People of that province were already quite free, choosing their own rulers, and doing about as they pleased, when they seized upon the territory of Turkey, which, for that reason, is not disposed to recognize their independence. The Turks say further that they cannot understand why Austria, who destroyed the independence of Hungary, should set itself up as a champion of Montenegro's independence.

Count Lanningen returned to his imperial Master with these most unsatisfactory answers; it remains now to be seen whether Austria will make good her threat. England knows very well that Russia is behind Austria in this proceeding, and that a war between Turkey and Austria, therefore, would necessarily involve England also. English diplomacy, consequently, is engaged in strenuous efforts to prevent a rupture.

Should it not be able to accomplish this aim, war may be expected. Indeed it is difficult to conceive how Austria can recede from the warlike attitude she assumed on proclaiming her ultimatum. If a Turkish war commences, it will readily become an Hungarian war, also; and Kossuth will organize his forces on Turkish soil, and from thence, with the aid of such vast troops of invincible horsemen as Turkey can furnish, will endeavor to sweep down every thing that stands between him and the arms and ammunition necessary for the struggle.

The Turk fully understands the identity of his own cause with that of Hungary. That he is himself of the opinion that war is at hand, is evidenced in the fact the divan has already discussed the question of inviting Kossuth to return into the Turkish country. Should they decide so to do, that act of itself will be well understood by Austria and Russia as equivalent to a declaration of hostilities. If the facts we have given are reliable—as we have every reason to believe them to be—the peace of Europe—quiet as she now seems to be—must hang on a brittle thread.

The N. Y. Tribune of the same day also contains the subjoined statements on the subject:

How seriously the crisis is regarded at St. Petersburg, is proved by the name of the personage who, according to the last advices, has been selected by the Czar as his extraordinary envoy to Constantinople. This personage is Prince Menchikoff, formerly Imperial Minister of the Marine. The Prince, who is now above 60, is a man of great force and energy of character, and enjoys at St. Petersburg the reputation of possessing the very highest abilities, and of standing prominent in the first ranks of Russian nobility by having received a thorough education at the Universities of Germany, most of the great men of his country having received a thorough education nowhere. He is a proud and haughty man, is respected by the Emperor and his family, and is devoted by ambition which burns for the opportunity of distinction in foreign affairs, such as Nesselrode and Orloff have acquired before him. None of the Russian grandees is more exclusively a Russian in all his feelings, none is more earnestly a partizan of monarchial legitimacy, none is more bitter in hatred for the democracy and demagogues, that were last defeated in the downfall of Hungary. When such a man is sent as Special Ambassador from St. Petersburg to Constantinople, we may be sure that he goes with his full powers in his pocket for either peace or war. Otherwise the Emperor would have entrusted the matter to some persons of inferior antecedents and claims; nor would Menchikoff have willingly accepted a mission of less importance. He is accompanied by a young Nesselrode, but the latter is a person of no consequence, and is doubtless attached to the embassy from mere complacency to his father. We may then well suppose that great events are at hand, and the long expected and deeply dreaded European war, the great and desperate struggle of Liberty and Des-

potism may be on the very eve of breaking out. If the confederate Emperors are ready, let them ring up the curtain and begin the play.

THE MIND.

Of all the works of God, the human mind has always been considered the grandest. It is, however, like all else created, capable of cultivation, and just in that degree as the mind is improved, and rendered pure, is man fitted for national enjoyment and pure happiness. That person who spends a whole existence without realization of the greatest ends for which he was designed; with mere mercenary motives and a desire; not knowing that he is a portion, as it were, of one vast machine, in which each piece has a part to perform; having no heart beating common with those of his fellow men; no feelings in which self is not the beginning and the end, may well be said not to live. His mind is shut in by moral darkness, and he merely exists, a blank in the world, and goes to the tomb with scarcely a regret. Such beings we have seen and we wonder at—wondered that a mortal endowed with so many noble qualities, and capable of the highest attainments of intellectuality, should slumber on in a life like ours, in which is everything beautiful and sublime, to call forth his energies, and excite his admiration—a world which affords subjects for exercising every lively attribute with which we are gifted, and opens a scene of the richest variety to the eye, the mind and the heart, are of such a diversified character, that we may never grow weary. If then you wish to live, in the true sense of the term cultivate the mind, give vent to pure affections and noble feelings, and pen not every thought and desire in self. Live more for the good of your fellow men, and in seeking their happiness, you will promote your own.

Cattle upon a thousand hills are not half so valuable as a well-stored mind; riches are but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, when compared with intelligence virtue and immortality.

The New Administration.

On Friday last General Pierce took the reins of power in his hands. It has been decided, by the voice of the people, that the Whig party shall be superseded, and the Democratic placed in power. Whatever may have been the wishes of some, the regrets of others, and the prognostications of evil by the disappointed, that act is done. It is a matter of history—a fixed fact, which cannot be changed for the next four years. The expression of the nation, through the ballot-box, was emphatic and decisive. We believe that as a whole, it is a fair expression of the public wish. The policy, the wisdom and the success of President Pierce's Administration, the future will disclose. It is but fair to demand that it shall be judged impartially and with candor, and not in the spirit of party rancor, and a foregone purpose to pick flaws and find fault. Party spirit is apt to be bitter, malignant and unrelenting.

President Pierce enters upon his administration under most favorable auspices. The vote by which he was elected was a full and decisive one. He has no motive to be bitter and proscriptive, but on the contrary every motive to pursue a liberal, manly, unselfish policy. He manifested during the contest, as all will admit, great propriety and dignity. He remained quietly at home, and waited the decision of the people. Since his election, his manner and conduct has been marked by many independence and resolute decision. We believe he means to be the President of the people, and rule and not be ruled, by cliques. The course he has pursued in respect to his Cabinet is one highly to be commended. That it has for weeks been formed, we have no doubt, but politicians were never so much troubled to find out who are to constitute it. Hence, conjecture fixes upon one set of men to-day, and another to-morrow. President Pierce, in this matter, shows his ability, to keep his own counsels, and we commend him for it.

Give to the incoming administration a fair trial before passing upon it a sentence of condemnation. A carping, captious spirit can see nothing good out of the grasp of its own selfishness. Men of this class will find fault without reason. But the people will not be influenced by them. We have gone through a heated contest, and the verdict of the people has been rendered. Now we want quiet, rest, influences to allay excited feeling, nothing to prolong it. General Pierce will have difficulty enough from the nature of the position he occupies without having them augmented by needles and bit opposition. We are pleased to see by a public notice, a day or two since, that General Scott called at the Lodgings of Gen-

ral Pierce. This is as it should be.—They were on opposite sides in the late contest but now it is ended, and there is no reason why these distinguished gentlemen should not meet on terms of dignified, amicable intercourse.—Ledger.

The Regenerated Potato.

A few days ago we published an article announcing the discovery of the cure for the disease in the potato, called the rot. Since then we have seen some of the potatoes which are the product of the cultivation under the remedy there alluded to. These potatoes were sent by the discoverer, Mr. E. C. Roberts, of Michigan, to Wm. Congdon, Esq., his agent, now in this city. We never saw a finer or better lot of potatoes. The first glance at them, as they were taken from the box, was sufficient to satisfy us of the superior quality of the article, however they may have been raised. They were said to have been only an average lot, as they were taken from the ground—all of convenient size for cooking, with some large ones of mammoth growth, evincing the great yield that might be expected from the process of regeneration. We had some of them cooked, and found them as superior in favor as they are in appearance—having that floury quality which the hardy, healthy potato only has.

The discoverer of this valuable remedy is now a resident of Michigan, an humble, quiet, unambitious farmer and village schoolmaster. He cultivates a forty acre farm in summer, keeping school in winter in a small schoolhouse on his own ground. For seven years he has been looking into this subject—and has finally arrived at the natural and conclusive results of the cause of the potato disease, and has been able therefore to give the only true remedy. Those to whom the secret has been imparted, are at once convinced of its reality—so rational and harmonious is it with the nature of things.

The discovery is as valuable, probably, to the human family as the invention of the cotton gin, the spinning jenny, or the caloric engine of the present day, although we hardly think it will be generally so realized. The discoverer should receive a testimonial from his fellow-citizens, worthy of his discovery. Inventors are not generally remembered or rewarded, though the people's benefits therefrom are invaluable. The discoverer of the cure of the potato rot cannot get a patent as for a valuable machine, nor will the large rewards offered by states fall to this gentleman, as they were confined to their own citizens. It is the purpose of his friends to secure ample remuneration to him, by selling out the secret of the cure to the farmer for a small compensation. The first year's product will more than compensate the purchaser for the trifling outlay. —Chicago Daily Times.

The Cromwell claim.

The claim of the heirs of Cromwell have excited no little interest in the town of Manchester and in this city, as it will elsewhere.

Thomas Cromwell was a leading and highly respectable merchant in this city from about the year 1804 to the year 1830—about which time, his house (Cromwell, Dobbin & Peoples) failed. Being indebted to the Bank of Pittsburgh, Thomas Cromwell gave a mortgage on a piece of land owned by him individually containing about 180 acres, on parts of which the town of Manchester has since been built. At some subsequent date or dates, the Pittsburgh Bank sold the land, without foreclosing the mortgage or going through the form of obtaining judgment, giving to the purchasers, warranty Deeds. In 1834, finding their proceedings had been irregular, they applied to the Court for leave to amend the record, and again in 1837 The claim of his heirs seems to be founded upon the irregularity of the sale and their want of notice thereof or of the motion for amendment and of their minority at the time. The question is regarded as of vast consequence in its results. The heirs disclaim any purpose of disturbing the owners of lots upon which buildings have been erected, further than to be paid the price originally given for the lot, but demand possession of all vacant ground. This will involve the Bank of Pittsburgh in case of the success as the claim preferred in a resolution to the purchasers of the purchase money, which is a somewhat serious amount, could be sustained without seriously affecting the credit of the Bank; but then again comes in the claim for mesne profits—the actual debt of the property since the sale or occupation by the Bank—which will amount to a far greater sum, as is alleged not much short of a million of dollars, as is alleged such a result would differ materially with the institution.—Pitts. An.

The Chinese rebellion is reported to be a movement in favor of religious liberty.